

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 17.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1805.

[WHOLE No. 121.]

Bromley Melmot;

A NOVEL.

Continued from page 123.

CHAP. V.

THE SOLEMN INJUNCTION—A CONTRACT—AND A PARTING

ON their return home, Melmot, with all the ingenuousness of youthful heat, untainted by the pernicious maxims of libertinism, confessed to Mr. Bromley his affection for Maria. The unrelaxed gravity of his uncle's looks, however, alarmed him; and, in the most pathetic manner, he solicited his indulgence and intercession.

Mr. Bromley affectionately took his hand—"My dear boy," said he, "I pity you—I acknowledge the virtues of Maria; but you are yet too young to have fixed your affections permanently upon any object; 'tis only the susceptibility of your heart that leads you into this mistake. Buried in this obscurity, Maria is as yet the only girl you have conversed with. Her person is pleasing, and her manners engaging, and you think you love her: but believe me, Melmot, when you enter into life, you will meet with women whose beauty and brilliant talents will enchant you, and make you wonder how you could

entertain a thought of the simple rustic!"

Melmot seemed to struggle with his resentment, till Mr. Bromley had ceased to speak; then, finding it vain to suppress his indignant feelings, he replied—

"And is it from you, Sir, I hear such arguments? Is it you who would drive me into that sphere of life, where my senses might be dazzled by splendid accomplishments and borrowed charms?—or, if intrinsic, how dare I of humble fortune, birth &c.—". Ignominious he would have said, but the dejected look of his uncle, and his own consciousness, checked him: and, reclining his head, while his cheek glowed, a scalding tear escaped from his eye, and rolled not unperceiv'd to the ground. Resuming his subject, he said—

"Could I dare, aspire to objects so exalted? Would they not despise the presumptuous boy, who could basely neglect humble merit, and happy mediocrity? I could not do it, Sir. Maria is calculated for me,—and Maria I love!"

As he turned aside to conceal his distress, Mr. Bromley tenderly embraced him—"Dearest Melmot, I admire your sentiments, and grieve that I must oppose them.—But reflect our pittance is small; that of Maria

still less; for, at the death of her mother, the annuity allowed by government must cease, and the income she inherits from her mother also is discontinued; the little saving she has made must therefore be her all; and could you be selfish enough to drag a woman you pretend to love into all the horrors of wretched penury, think what would be your feelings, to behold a family of lovely infants needing even the necessaries of life, which you have not in your power to procure them?"

"We can work, Sir," cried Melmot, exultingly.

"I suppose so," said Mr. Bromley, drily: "and it must be a pleasing reflection to you, that you have married Maria—to make a slave of her. You have admired the whiteness of her hands, the beauty of her shape, and the purity of her manners!—would you have her hands defiled, her shape and figure coarsened by labor, and the delicacy of her manners corrupted by the society which she must then be exposed to?"

Melmot bit his lips, and looked greatly disconcerted.—

"You have endeavored, Sir," said he, with spirit, "to place it in the most degrading point of view. But pardon me, if I express it as my opinion, that

THE VISITOR,

no hands, however fair, can be defiled by honest industry; no person, so delicately formed, that can be injured by fulfilling the duties of a wife and mother; and with regard to society, no person however lowly their station, need associate with the infamous and depraved,"

Transported with his sentiments, Mr. Bromley cast on him a look of ineffable delight.—"Pardon me, Melmot," said he, tenderly, "that I have, to know your principles, put you to this painful trial; and believe me, my dear boy, you shall not go without your reward. Restrain your gratitude till I have made you acquainted with my intentions. However laudable your opinions, it is not necessary for you to put them in practice. While there are so many resources by which a young man with a good education, and unblemished character, may earn a genteel subsistence, it would be improper to degrade him by placing him on a level with those, who, not possessed of such advantages, honestly and industriously support themselves and families, and become useful members of the community:—there are plenty such; but to a mind naturally intelligent and habitually refined, such a situation must be irksome. When you are eighteen, it will be in my power to obtain a genteel and lucrative situation for you, in which, by diligence and propriety of demeanor, you may in a short time acquire an independent competency. Maria shall then, if her mother is agreeable, be your's. But you must now promise to think no more of an immediate union; on which condition, only I engage to plead your cause."

He extended his arms for the enraptured Melmot, who threw himself into them, and wept his gratitude, promising obedience to every implied article.

As soon as he could escape from his uncle, Melmot flew, with the swift wings of an enraptured lover, to his mistress, and at her feet implored a confirmation of his happiness. She heard him with an assenting smile: and said that the consent of her mother only was wanting to confirm their mutual felicity.—Melmot impatient of delay, insisted upon making known his intention immediately to Mrs. Williams. He accordingly repaired instantly to her room, where his joy received a severe check from the increased illness

of her appearance. She heard his proposals with composure, and, with infinite exertion, prepared to pronounce the awful fiat so ardently desired by the young lovers.

"My dear child," said she, addressing Maria, "I cannot in justice, say that I disapprove of the object upon whom you have fixed your choice; but I have suffered too much from the imprudence of a precipitate marriage to suffer my dearest girl to incur such a dangerous chance. A transient liking is often mistaken for a real passion; as it is difficult to distinguish the effects of a sudden fancy from the result of a sincere and settled affection. So says an author, of whom, in my youth, I was an admirer. Juvenile minds are so apt to be hurried away by the impetuous suggestions of their imaginations, that it requires all the experience of age to guide them from the dangers they would otherwise incur. At the age of fifteen, neither the male nor female character can be perfectly stamped, for, as the women, in general, show their propensities sooner than men, it depends greatly upon their situation in life whether those propensities are called into action: therefore, although an enemy to solemn engagements of any kind, I must impose one, from which, I think, the least ill-consequences are likely to result. Maria, I claim your sacred promise never to marry, or enter into an engagement, before you have attained your twenty-first year. If you then continue your attachment to Melmot, and find him still worthy of you,—may Heaven bless you, as I now do."

She joined their hands with a look of unutterable affection, and sunk, exhausted on her pillow. A secret chillness crept through his every vein as she pronounced the solemn injunction, while a thousand apprehensions of danger flitted across his imagination, as he knelt, clasping the hands of Maria, and Mrs. Williams.

The entrance of Mr. Bromley gave a relief to their feelings; and the satisfaction he evinced at hearing the decision of Mrs. Williams, imparted a small gleam of comfort to his dejected nephew, and he disclosed to them his plans for Melmot's future establishment; as also the satisfactory account, that lord Morton had quitted Leskard, to

commence his grand tour.—The pleasure this afforded Melmot shone on his countenance, but his journey to London contributed to inspire him with afflictive sensations; even Mrs. Nettleby seemed to partake of the horrors that reigned in this little mansion, and expressed the most lively regret at the prospect of Melmot's departure, which was to take place the ensuing week, when a regular correspondence was to be established between Maria and himself.

The bustle of preparation for a time seemed to absorb every unpleasant reflection; and every day that he visited Maria was passed in the anticipation of their happiness when no longer obliged to separate, until the two preceding his journey, when imagination presented the painful idea, that he should see Maria no more probably for many long months; still he was forced at night to tear himself from her, and returned oppressed with grief, to his uncle; who seeing the conflict he endured, tenderly strove to ease his mind by prospects of future felicity.

At length the fatal morning came when Melmot was to take leave of his Maria. No pillow had that night received the impression of his head, and his eyes, almost blinded by tears, ached with vainly endeavoring to discern, before its approach, the glimmering of day. No sooner were the yellow streaks visible than he quitted the cottage, and flew, almost unknowingly, across the lawn. Maria was already dressed, for like him, her night had been passed without sleep. Putting her arm within his, she led him to the bench beneath the yew.

He listened while his arm fondly encircled her waist, to her artless professions of love, which he reiterated with ardor. Tokens were exchanged, and the fondest endearments mutually passed that could delight the hearts of youth, innocent and virtuous as were this pair.

Insensibly were the hours beguiled till the clock struck five, and in another hour the mail was to pass, in which Melmot was to depart: the sound vibrated every chord of his heart, and he suffered her to lead him almost insensibly to her mother.

Mrs. Williams shed tears, as he bade her an affectionate and respectful

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farewel ; and Maria with pale cheeks and a heavy heart, reconducted him to the door. Again he clasped her in his arms, pressed her to his throbbing bosom, and vowed eternal fidelity : and as his reluctant steps bore him from the much-loved spot, his head and heart took the contrary road.

At his return he found Mr. Bromley up, and Mrs. Nettleby, with unexpected politeness, presiding at the breakfast table. Melmot was incapable of partaking of the meal prepared, but sobbed out his love, gratitude, and affliction on the neck of Mr. Bromley, who summoned his utmost fortitude to support with becoming serenity the unaffected grief displayed by his loved nephew.

They then walked to the road, Tom carrying the portmanteau, of whose parent Melmot had previously taken leave ; himself having letters of recommendation to Mr. Harley and counsellor Nesbitt, either of whom Mr. Bromley fondly hoped would have it in their power to procure Melmot a situation, having written to those gentlemen, and received an answer that they might probably be of service when the young man arrived ; but that till then nothing could be done.

After bestowing upon Melmot a thousand blessings, and (what was equally necessary in London) a hundred pounds, Mr. Bromley again embraced him, and he stepped, unnoticing his fellow-passengers, into the mail, which bore him with the fleetness of six horses from Leskard.

On his return, Mr. Bromley met Maria, bathed in tears, who had wandered to the Park, and, from the summit of the hill, there saw the coach skim along the road, that tore from her almost all she valued upon earth.

(To be continued.)

From the *Richmond Enquirer*.

ON THE CONDITION OF WOMEN.

It has been said that the civilization of a country may be fairly estimated by the degree of respect which is paid

to its women. The sentiment is not more gallant than it is just. Its truth has been demonstrated by Messieurs Alexander, Thomas, Russell, and various other writers ; who, for this purpose have resorted, not to any abstracted enquiries into the characters of the sexes ; but to a direct appeal to the experience of nations. They have shown, by a curious and most interesting investigation, that from the benighted and sensual savage of New-Zealand, or of Nootka Sound, through every gradation, up to the polished gentleman of Europe or America, an indifference and veneration for the female part of society, is exactly in proportion to the degree of refinement which each nation has attained. In a national point of view, Virginia need not to shrink from the test of her refinement. In every social circle in which the sexes are included, we may observe a sanctity as well as a tenderness of attention to the fair which would not disgrace a knight in the proudest days of chivalry. But the moralist, who aims at the culture of the virtues, will direct his attention not so much to the manners of the drawing-room, as to those which may be observed in still more private life. He will look through the ceremonies which men may act from deference to their company, and by which indeed, they recognize and bow obedience to the sentiment above expressed ; he will look through these blinds of state, into the bosom of the private family, and watch the manners of the husband and father when every restraint is removed. It will be by the discoveries which he shall make here, that he will direct his admonitions ; and on this ground, I fear that the moralist, not of Virginia only but of all these states, which boast of their refinement, will find too much room for censure and admonition.

What is true of nations in this case, is, I presume equally true of individuals ; or in other words, the civilization of the man, like that of the nation may be fairly estimated by the degree of respect which he pays to the fair. When I speak of civilization, I do not mean science ; since we have sometimes seen a very highly illuminated mind, connected with a cold, a malignant, or a ferocious heart ; but by civilization, I mean, that change which is wrought upon the savage man by the humanizing, softening, refining power of social virtue. Neither, by *respect to the*

fair do I mean the bows and grimace of a *petit maitre*, which a monkey might learn ; nor the still more imposing exterior of elegance and sensibility which a Zeluca could assume ; but, by *respect to the fair*, I mean a genuine and tender deference, which has not merely glanced upon the surface, but penetrated and pervaded every portion of the heart ; I mean not an occasional show, but a sincere, a perennial, an habitual respect and affection, which renders a man involuntarily assiduous to the wants, and sympathetic with the minutest sufferings of the softer and gentle sex.

With these explanations I resume my position, and I beg my male reader to assure himself that whatever figure he may make in other respects : however brilliantly he may shine as a man of erudition, genius, wit, or humor, he is, nevertheless, civilized or not, in proportion as he has learned to respect the fair ; and more particularly that portion of them whose protection he may have assumed.

It is a monstrous truth, that the life of the finest girl among us, is too often a series of suffering and of sorrow. Too many of them pass on to death, without having once found the "sunny slope" of tranquility, on which they could repose, and declare themselves for a moment, at ease. Their sufferings begin often with life. The restraints of their childhood, even when they are salutary, are sources of trouble : because their motive is not yet perceived by the young and inexperienced mind.

But not unfrequently the restraints of childhood instead of being prompted by parental wisdom and tenderness, are the momentary dictates of head-long passion and brutal cruelty. This tyranny, commenced in their childhood is extended even to their maturer years ; and it becomes the more severe as it is then inflicted on a mind capable of estimating its wrongs, and often exerted on those sensibilities of the heart which can least brook the curb and lash of authority. Marriage itself is, too frequently, little more than a change of tyrants ; and the idol of the sighing and adoring lover, dwindled down into the neglected, oppressed, insulted drudge of an unprincipled and profligate husband. If the poor, lonely mourner, gives birth to sons, she looks on with remorse to the time when they, in their turn, armed

with the authority of a husband, shall "play such fantastic tricks before high heaven as will make even angels weep"; if she gives birth to daughters—it would not be a subject of great wonder, if like the miserable mothers on the banks of the Oronoko, she should slay them, out of compassion; and smother them in the hour of their birth.—How many women have here their history sketched? Look closely into the domestic movements of our people, and you will find that this sombre picture has too many originals. I am not accusing parents or husbands with the practice of savage violence on their daughters or their wives: to a generous woman there are many wrongs infinitely more humiliating and agonizing than the infliction of actual violence.

The destiny of poor Maria differed in some respects from the preceding sketch. Maria was among the fairest and sweetest girls that I have ever known. If the love of the fondest and best of parents—if the most enchanting grace and beauty—if the pure spirit and dispositions of a seraph could have saved her from misery, Maria had been saved. My heart bleeds at the recollection of her. But let me try to command myself while I tell this tale of joy turned into sorrow; of the fairest hopes reversed and blasted—of the brightest lustre and beauty extinguished forever.

Her parents were not rich; but they were good. Although they had lived much in the world, they retained a simplicity of character which is now rarely encountered except in the description of poets. Their benevolent breasts were fraught with a tenderness of feeling whose luxury is known only to the poor and humble. The rich and the prosperous know it only by name. Their simplicity, their benevolence, their sensibility, were concentrated in the bosom of the young Maria—They gave an emphasis to her opening beauty—suffused her cheek with a richer hue—and rode in triumph on the beams of her eyes, through the heart of every beholder. I remember Maria at her first appearance in the ball room. She was then about fourteen years of age. The enquiry ran—What rose bud of beauty is this? The epithet was applied with peculiar propriety: it depicted in one word, her youth, her beauty, her innocence and sweetness.

She danced; when light and ethereal as a sylph, she surpassed whatever we have read of the wild, the striking, the captivating graces displayed by the rural beauties on the flowery side of *Ætna*. It was easy to read in the countenance of this gay and artless young creature the exulting expectations with which she was entering in life. Her childhood had passed away amid the blandishments and caresses of her fond parents; all had been ease, indulgence, and gratification; admired, applauded and beloved, by every body who saw or knew her, every day, every hour, had been filled with animation, joy, and rapture.

As yet she had frolicked only on life's velvet lawn, covered with a canopy of blooming amaranth; and her young fancy was teeming with visions of bliss in bright and boundless prospects. Alas! poor Maria; How soon was this serene and joyous morning to be overcast! A lover presented himself. Like Maria, he was in the bloom of youth, and had every advantage of person and address; but his breast was not like Maria's, the residence of pure and exalted virtue. He loved her indeed; or rather he was infatuated by her beauty: but he was incapable of forming a correct estimate of the treasure which was lodged in her bosom; of that heart whose purity, delicacy, fidelity, generosity and sensibility, an angel might have avowed without a blush. The dupe, however, of fervent, and pathetic professions, she accepted this man; and Maria who was formed to crown the happiness of a sensible and virtuous man, became the miserable wife of a weak and vicious one.

Merciful God! Must I remember the contrast which I so often witnessed, in agony! Poor Maria! Her velvet lawn was exchanged for a wilderness of briars and brambles; her amaranthine canopy for the keen and cutting blasts of a winter's sky. I have seen Maria in the thronged assembly-room when every eye was fixed upon her with delight, and followed her in speechless admiration thro' the mazes of the graceful dance; and I have seen the same Maria far removed from the world's society, and even yet in the bloom of youth, all lonely and drooping like a wounded flower. I have seen the lovely girl, presiding, like a bright propitious planet at her father's hospitable board,

and I have seen her the solitary and menial drudge of her own gloomy and forsaken household. I have beheld her the animating soul of the polished circle, dispensing light and life by her smiles—and my own soul has sunk with me, to see her insulated from the world, and pierced and languishing under the neglect of her once ardent and assiduous husband. She had seen the time when every transitory dejection of countenance had been watched by him, its cause sedulously explored, and consolation administered with a tenderness which could not fail of its effect. But now without a single enquiry, without one touch of pity, he could see her face pale with sorrow, and her once radiant eyes dim with weeping. At such a moment, instead of bending before her as he had once done, and pressing her hand to his sympathetic heart he could cast on her a look so cold and chilling as to freeze the vital stream of life even in its fountain, fling out of his house with contempt and disgust, and lavish on the vicious and impure those affectionate attentions which he had solemnly vowed to her alone. He might have been happy; and might have realized to his beauteous wife all those dreams of conjugal innocence and bliss with which her youthful fancy was wont to regale her. But instead of these pure and calm joys whose recollection might have gilded even the moment of death, he chose riot, debauchery and guilt; to his own virtuous and celestial bed, he preferred habitual adultery and prostitution; and instead of the perpetual spring which she had fondly anticipated, poor Maria experienced only perpetual winter. The blast was too keen for her tender frame. She is gone: and, with her sister angels, she has found that peace which her unfeeling husband refused to her on earth. Her death stunned him into his senses. In vain he endeavored to recal her fleeting breath; in vain he promised and vowed if she could be restored to him, to atone for his past neglect in future tenderness. To him the resolution of amendment came too late: may it come in time to a portion of my readers.

Y.

INSTANCE OF EXTRAORDINARY MEMORY.

WHILE the celebrated Monsieur de Voltaire resided at Potsdam,

as the literary friend and companion of the late king of Prussia, an Englishman was introduced to his majesty, as one that possessed such an extraordinary memory, that he could repeat, word by word, a very long discourse, after having heard it once. Frederick put him to an immediate proof of this wonderful retention, and the Englishman justified the character that had been given of him. At this instant, Voltaire was to wait upon his majesty, to read to him some verses that he had just finished. The king, who was desirous of enjoying some amusement from this singular circumstance, caused the Englishman to be concealed in a closet adjoining, and desired him to get by heart all the poet might read. Voltaire, entered, and read the verses with great animation. The king heard them with an air of coldness and indifference to which the poet had not been accustomed. "Indeed, my dear Voltaire," exclaimed his majesty, "you have taken it into your head, for some time past, to steal verses from others, and to repeat them to me as your own." Voltaire affirmed, with great earnestness, that the verses were absolutely his and that he had finished them but that very morning. "This is very extraordinary, indeed," answered the king, "for I have seen an Englishman, who has just shown these verses to me as his." He sent for the Englishman, and said to him, "I beg, Sir, that you will repeat to me the verses you showed me this morning." The Englishman, without hesitation, and without the omission of a single syllable, repeated the whole of what Voltaire had read. The poor poet was astonished and enraged, and swore he must be the devil himself. The king did not fail to enjoy his anger and agitation for some time; but, at last he confessed the whole trick, and the scene was concluded by his making a handsome present to the Englishman for the pleasure he had afforded him. This extraordinary fact is recorded in a work entitled, *Vie de Frederic II. Roi de Prusse*.

THE MODERN LUCRETIA;

[A true Anecdote.]

THE duke of Anjou, brother to Henry the III. going into the low

countries to assist the confederates, had in his army a captain named Pont, who lodged at the village de Becourt, at the house of a rich farmer, named John Millet, who had three very handsome daughters, the eldest of whom managed his house, she was full of attention to their guest to whom she wished to appear agreeable. After some time, the officer found himself struck with the charms of her he so frequently saw. Being resolved to satisfy his passion as soon as possible, he invited the father and daughter to sup with him. In the midst of the repast, he laughingly desired the daughter in marriage. The countryman who did not want for understanding, soon understood his meaning, and civilly refused him under pretence of the inequality of their condition.

Pont threw himself into a violent passion, rudely forced the father out of the room and detained the daughter who would have followed her father, and after he had abused her himself, gave her up to the brutality of some subalterns who came to assist him in his project, and afterwards forced her to sit at the table with them.

This young person though but seventeen years of age, had an understanding superior to her years, and notions above one of her condition, knowing that tears would be of no service to revenge the outrage she had received, she concealed her resentment and seemed to listen with an air of gaiety to their insolent discourse. But she had no occasion to use dissimulation for any length of time: for the captain having turned himself round to answer the person who was speaking to him, she took up a knife and pierced his heart. When she had done this, she threw down the table, and whilst they were assisting the officer, she ran to her father, acquainted him with what had passed, and intreated him to fly with his two daughters.

For her life was too great a burthen to wish to live, she waited the return of the ravishers, who after having tied her to a tree shot her to death. Before she expired, this heroic girl cried out to her executioners; Fire barbarians! after the marks I have already had of your brutality, I shall receive death as the greatest favor you can bestow. That heaven who has rewarded my honor in the death of your chief,

will not let this last horrid action go unpunished.

The event fully justified her prediction. The father worthy of such a daughter, animated by his resentment the neighboring peasants. Every where they took up arms, to exterminate the assassins, and as on these occasions justice is never attended to, there was not a Frenchman left alive.

AN IRISHISM.

AN Irish gentleman was caught one day with a looking glass in front of his face. His friend, observing that his eyes were closed, asked him the reason he held a looking-glass before his face when his eyes were shut. Why, said he, *It is to see how I look when I am asleep.*

A VIRGINIANISM.

A young gentleman from Virginia possessing genius, desirous of increasing his stock of knowledge, came to the medical school of Philadelphia attached to the university of Pennsylvania. He occupied a front room in ——— street. He made a practice of keeping one of his windows open every night. A gentleman lodger in the house, remonstrated with him, one day, at dinner, on the imprudence of keeping his window open, as the house had been robbed some time before, and there was a probability it might again, in case he kept his window open. Under such a circumstance there would be no difficulty for a robber to enter a house. The young Virginian suddenly replied, that *if the windows were all shut, he could not see how to sleep.*

A PENNSYLVANIANISM.

A gentleman from Europe, desirous of travelling through the United States, in order to obtain a knowledge of the agricultural interest, manufactures, customs, habits, and disposition of the citizens, stopped one day at a fulling-mill, in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, anxious to ascertain if cloth was dressed in the same manner here as in Europe.

The gentleman obtained the name of the young man who superintended the fulling-mill. The young man's name was George. The gentleman, on taking a pinch of snuff, asked George to what use he applied the wool that was shorn off the cloth. George replied, why sir, *we make feather beds of it.*

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, January 26, 1805.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 53 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 11—cancer 1—casualties* 3—child-bed, 3—convulsions 3—decay 2—diabetes 1—dropsy 1—dropsy in the head 1—hectic fever 1—scarlet fever 2—typhus fever 2—frost-bitten 2—hives 2—inflammation 1—obstruction of the liver 1—mania 1—old age 1—pleurisy 2—Small pox 6—still born 3—worms 3.—

Of the whole number 9 were of and under the age of 1 year—5 between the age of 1 and 2—6 between 2 and 5—4 between 5 and 10—1 between 10 and 20—7 between 20 and 30—12 between 30 and 40—1 between 40 and 50—2 between 50 and 60—4 between 60 and 70—1 between 70 and 80—and 1 between 90 and 100

* Two of these were children under two years of age; one of whom was scalded by the contents of a coffee-pot, the other met with its death by its cloaths having caught fire. The third was a woman, who fell into the fire in a fit.

EXTREME DISTRESS.

The following, are two of the numerous cases of distress, occasioned by the inclemency of the present season, which have fallen within the view of the mayor and inspector of this city.

(From the Evening Post.)

At 68 Catharine street he found Madame Verneuil with her three children. They sat hovering over a single brand. The mother had an old great coat which with a single under garment,

constituted her whole covering. The eldest daughter, who appeared to be about 19 years of age, had scarcely enough cloathing to permit her to be seen at all; a ragged long gown and a single under garment, without a stocking on her foot were her all. A beautiful infant of about 2 or 3 years old which lay in a cradle, exhibited by the tattered remains of its dress, some faint traces of better days and the affectionate cares of a fond and faithful mother. How much does it heighten this picture of deep distress to have to add that the father of this wretched little family was a Chevalier of St. Louis and an officer under the *Ancient Regime*, and is now in France unconscious of their situation, having left St. Domingo some time before his wife fled with her children to this city. Madame Verneuil once owned three sugar plantations in that Island, and always till her banishment lived in the enjoyment of all that could render life desirable. To conclude this sad case, I have to mention and I do it in the hope it may meet the eye of some humane physician, Madame Verneuil is now laboring under a pulmonic complaint, attended with the most threatening symptoms.

Another case only will be selected out of the list before me.

About a week since the widow's society sent the mayor a list of unfortunate persons from St. Domingo, and among the rest was a *Madame Thouin*, described as being in Second street in the Bowery. On enquiry by the mayor and Mr. Pintard who always accompanies him, no such person was at that time to be found. A second search was made yesterday and the residence at length discovered in Bullock-street, on the north side between Second and Third streets. On repairing to the place they found the unfortunate man surrounded by seven children; the youngest only a few days old. Alas! the mother, who had but lately lain in of twins, was no more! Soon after she was put to bed her husband having by some means got a few shilling went one morning to market to procure some sustenance, on his return he perceived one of his twins dead in the cradle—it had perished in his absence.—The mother without the comforts almost indispensable to her situation, found the accumulated calamities that surrounded her too much for her—nature gave

way to the pressure—she died of a broken heart, and was buried the evening before.

Monsieur Thouin was formerly a man of high rank in France and lived in great affluence. A French neighbor little more able than himself yesterday took him and his seven remaining children into his house where they now sit shivering over a few embers.

At a meeting of the Humane Society, held on Wednesday evening, the following letter was received by the president, and read to the society.

SIR,

When calamity and distress seem to pervade the habitations of the poor, it becomes, at this season particularly, the duty of every good citizen to contribute to the alleviation of human misery.

Impressed with these sentiments, the members of the Fourth Company of the 1st Battalion of the 1st Regiment of Artillery, under my command, have subscribed the sum of one hundred dollars, which I now enclose you, conscious that the Humane Society will apply it in the best possible manner towards ameliorating the condition of the poor and indigent at this inclement season.

I have the honor to be with sentiments, of much respect, sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN MARSCHALK.

Rev. DR. RODGERS.

President of the Humane Society. }
New-York, 23d January, 1805.

In pursuance of a resolution of the Society, the president returned the following answer:

SIR,

I have received and paid to the Humane Society the donation of an hundred dollars, which you, in behalf of the Company under your command, have enclosed to me for the purpose of alleviating the sufferings the poor at this inclement season—to which purpose I am directed by the society to assure you, it will be faithfully applied, according to the wish of the beneficent donors. This instance of liberality, for a purpose so interesting to humanity,

and so important in a season of general calamity among the poor, is truly honorable to you and the company you command, and I trust will receive the reward it justly merits.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN RODGERS,

President of the Humane Society.
To Mr. JOHN MARSHALL.
New-York, January 24, 1804.

Twenty one barrels of flour were presented to the Commissioners of the Alms-house, for the relief of the poor of this city, by Mr. John Townsend; with the promise of more when that should be expended.

MARRIED,

Mr. Abraham Varick, merchant, to Miss Phoebe Douglass.

On Friday evening, last week, Mr. Thomas M. Pherson, merchant taylor, to Miss Martha Barr.

On Saturday evening, last, Mr. Nathan Holden, of Boston, to Miss Taylor.

On Monday evening last, Captain David Glassen, to Miss Mary M. Koy, daughter of Mr. John M. Koy.

At Scarborough, capt. Roger Libby, in the 75th year of his age, to Mrs. Hannah Watson, he being her fourth husband.

At Berkshire England Mr. Joseph Harlice, to the widow Sally La Croix, the bridegroom was 85 years of age, the bride 85, and the two ladies who associated as bride's-maid, were each above seventy; six grand daughters of the bridegroom strewed flowers before the company on their way to and from the church, and after dinner, four grand sons of the bride sung a kind of epithalamium, composed by the clerk of the parish on the happy occasion. The evening was spent in a most convivial manner, and the joyful scene was closed by a minuet from two of the great grand children of the happy pair.

In Janesburg, (Virg.) Mr. Andrew Mannis, aged 97, to Miss Fanny Fessenden, aged 17.

DIED,

On Saturday evening last, Mr. James Hallet, aged 63 years.

On Saturday last of an apoplectic fit, Mr. C. W. Ham, in the 61st year of his age

At Shirley the 27th ult. Mrs. Sophia Parker, aged 21, wife of Mr. Luther

Parker; she had been married on Christmas day, but on account of her ill health the event was to be celebrated the second day after the marriage; when she entered the room from lying down, she fainted and never revived.

At Southington, the 7th inst. very suddenly, Joseph Gridley, aged 88, and Sarah his wife, in the 75th year of her age; they expired within 18 hours of each other, and were interred in one grave.

On Wednesday last Mrs. Mary Beaumont, wife of Arthur C. Beaumont, Same day, Mrs. Elizabeth Moore, in the 78th year of her age.

THEATRE.

On MONDAY EVENING, Jan. 28th,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS, called,
VENICE PRESERV'D.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,
A PANTOMIME, called,

The Three Savoyards:

The evening's entertainments to conclude with

A FARCE IN TWO ACTS, called,
All the World's a Stage.

W. S. TURNER,

Inform his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street to No. 15, PARK, near the Theatre; where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles is attended with infinite easance and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that des-

tructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane

Just published, and for sale by GEO. F. HOPKINS, no. 118, Pearl-street, the first number of
LIFE OF TOM GARD'NER,

With a copy of his WILL.

BURTUS & CRANE,

BOOK-BINDERS, BOOKSELLERS,
AND STATIONERS,

No. 80, CHERRY-STREET, one Door West of New-Slip,

HAVE constantly on hand, and for sale on reasonable terms, a general assortment of BOOKS and STATIONARY—Also, BLANK BOOKS, of various descriptions.

N. B. Merchant's Account Books Ruined and Bound to any pattern, at the shortest notice.

LOTTERY TICKETS,

In Whole, Halves, Quarters, or Eighths, in Lottery No. III, for the Encouragement of Literature.

A Correct Numerical Book kept.—TICKETS, REGISTERED and EXAMINED as above.

JUST PUBLISHED,

By Ming and Young, and to be had of Gaine and Ten Eyck, 148, Pearl-Street, and of most other Book-sellers in this city.

GAINES'S

NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC,

Containing in addition to its usual information,

A LIST

Of the Military Officers of the city and county of New-York, with their grades in the respective Regiments. Price 25 cents.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

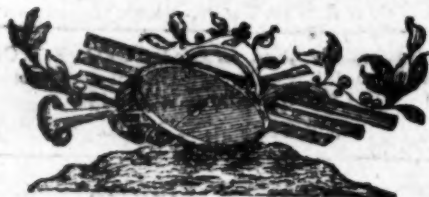
"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sores, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE,

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."

Price One Dollar.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 430 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's. Medicine Warehouse No. 20 Bowery-lane.



ALL WOMEN PERFECT.

THERE'S something in women their lovers engage,
Of whatever complexion or stature or age;
And she, who would frighten a mere stander-by
Is a Venus herself in the fond lover's eye.

If she's pale, never swan was a tenth part so fair;
If tawny, like jet are her eyes and her hair;
If Xantippe herself, her scolding's tho't wit;
If meek, all good wives to their husbands submit.

If a pigmy, how neat is her air and her mein;
If a steeple, she's graceful, and walks like a queen;
If a girl in her teens, all's handsome that's young;
If eighty, her fortune says—World hold your tongue.

In short, to dear women 'twas given to please,
And tho' the whim often should take them to tease,
To perplex, to torment and a thousand things more,
They're the deities men were all born to adore.

LINES,

*Addressed to a Young Lady, wearing a
GOLDEN KEY on her BOSOM.*

IN early days of innocence,
As authors most divinely tell,
Eve did with every guard dispense,
Till from that innocence she fell.

In golden days the cottage gate
Was open'd by a simple latch;
No fear of fiends who prowled for plate,
Requir'd strong bolts or noisy watch;

When innocence had fled the earth,
And man became a guilty race;
Vice gave to locks and garments birth,
To hide man's treasure, Female grace.

Now Innocence once more doth reign
'Mongst womankind of modern day;
And Britain's lovely daughters deign
The heaving bosom to display.

Yet, fear still prompts the female's care,
To guard her charms from man's approach,
An arrow arms her mazy hair,
Her neck a medicated broach!

My EMMA, who in virtue bold,
Needs not the camphor's mystic charms,
Her bosom with a key of gold,
Looks up from Love's assaulting arms.

Venus has been to Lemnos' cave,
To get a pick-lock for her boy;
Vulcan the fatal trinket gave,
And Cupid will the gift employ.

Then, EMMA, do not scorn his art,
Nor thus defy unerring shafts:
Too soon they'll strike thy tender heart,
For Love at every locksmith laughs.

Vulcan, you'll say, from heav'n expell'd
Dares not to turn the golden key;
The office that St. Peter held,
I pray thee, EMMA, give to me.

Thy bosom's treasure let me guard
With watchfulness and tender care,
Adversity's sharp blows I'll ward,
And sorrow shall not enter there!

[From the Boston Weekly Magazine.]

Messrs. Gilbert & Dean,

*If you think the following, occasioned by
reading the Sapphics in your 29th num-
ber, will answer for a supplement, you
perhaps will publish it when you have no-
thing better. If it be not so fortunate as
to "excite a smile," it may show some of
your fair readers "their own image."*

HERE comes Miss LIGHTHEAD and her tasty
sister;—
Jack, off the counter, wait upon the ladies;
Show 'em what they call for, tell the price of each
piece;

Do your best to please 'em.

"Have you any cambrics, that are yard and half
wide?"

What's the price of that piece of tape-striped dimi-
ty?"

"Three and sixpence, madam!"—"Let me see a
better—"

Give me a pattern."

"Have you any stockings, very nice, with lac'd
clocks?"

What are these a pair sir?"—"Madam, they're
eight shillings!"

"I'm sure I saw much better, for only six at Fales'
—They will not answer."

"I'll look, sir, at that lustring"—is eight and six
the lowest?

I'll give you seven shillings!"—"That's less than
what it cost, ma'am!"

"I'll give you seven and sixpence!"—"Madam, you
may take it!"

I'll call again, sir."

CORNHILL.

N. SMITH,



Chymical Perfumer, from Lon-
don, at the New-York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose,
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,
Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-
ness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening
and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is
very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with
printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or
3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de-Grasse, for thickening the hair
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s.
and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Po-
matums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness
and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had
only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold
with printed directions, 4s. and 6s. each.

LITERATURE.

*The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of
the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English
Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encour-
agement of his employers to him in the line of his bu-
siness, and assures them that he will to the utmost of
his ability continue to instill in the minds of his Pu-
pils, with energy every part of instruction, which
may have a tendency to promote their present and fu-
ture usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs
his employers and the public in general, that he pur-
poses opening an evening School on the first evening of
October next. And conscious of his having reciprocal-
ly discharged his duty to those committed to his care,
in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict
decorum, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of
further liberal encouragement in the time of his bu-
siness. He continues as usual to give lessons to La-
dies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particu-
larly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will
accomplish them in three months. Or can materially
improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.*

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages,
Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c.
on the most reasonable terms.

W. D. LEZELL

New-York, No. 17, Banker-street,

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